

GOLD



CAVE KIDS

12c

HANNA-BARBERA

CAVE KIDS

with PEBBLES and BAMM-BAMM

10044-609
SEPTEMBER



TIME FLIES WHEN THE CAVE KIDS TRY TO CATCH
THE KOOKY CUCKOO-SAURUS BIRD!

Hanna-Barbera

CAVE KIDS

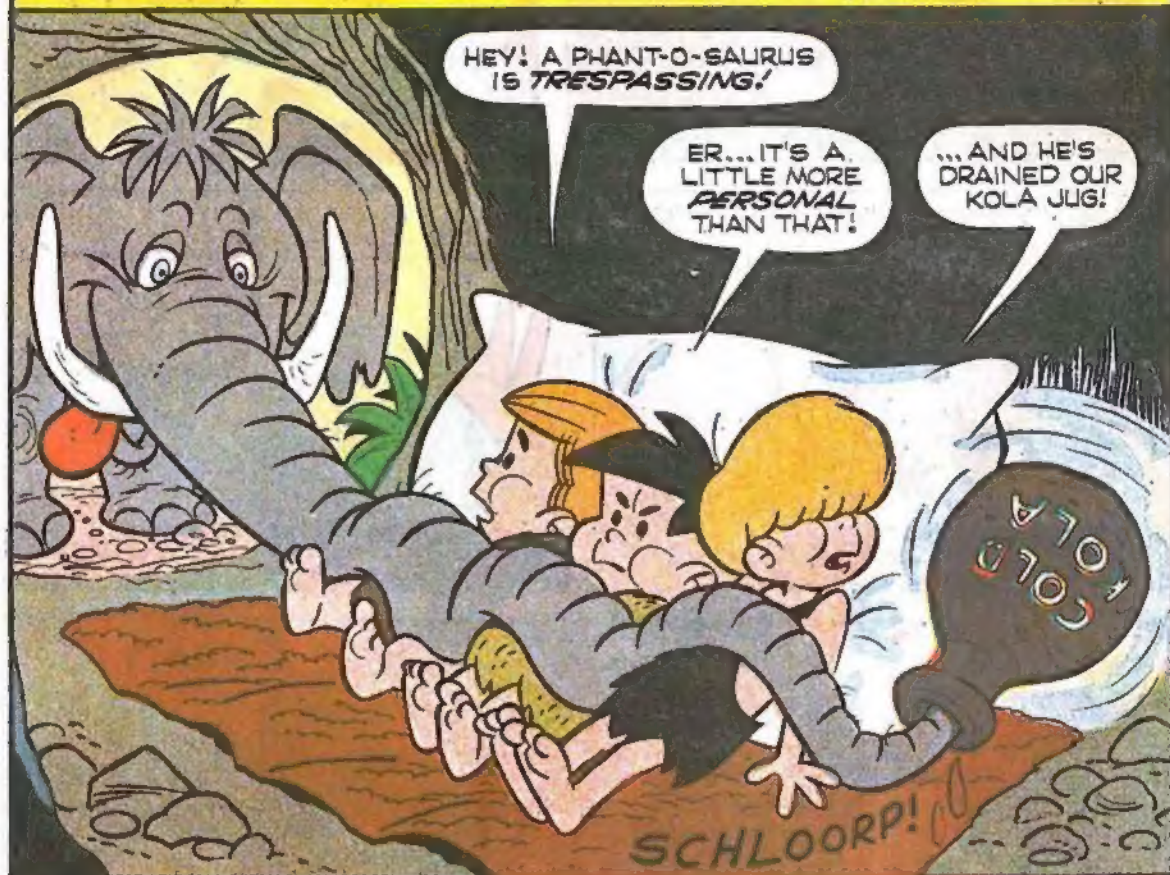
THANKS FOR A SWELL TIME
AT THE CARNIVAL, BUDDY!

GOOD
NIGHT,
SALLY!



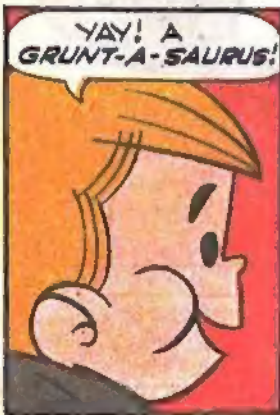
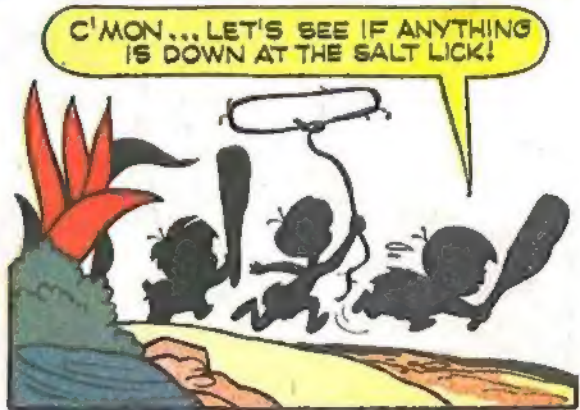
Hanna-Barbara
CAVE KIDS

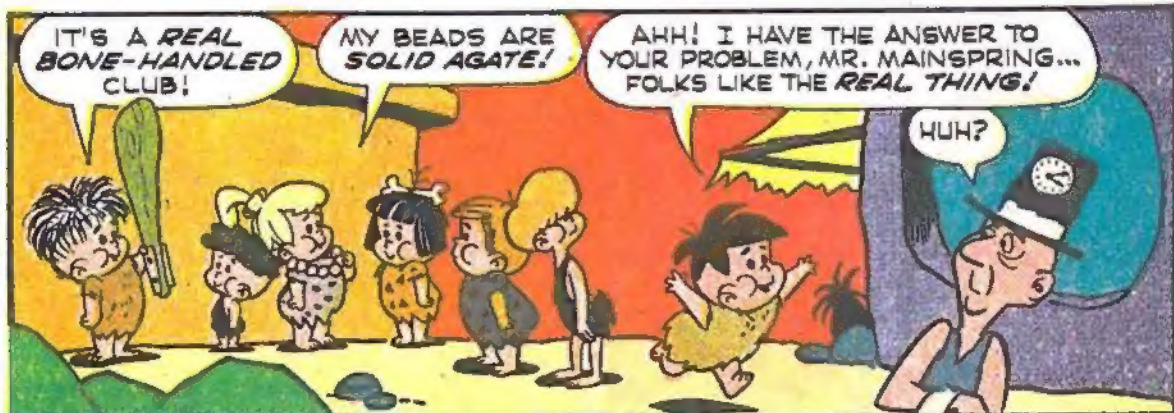
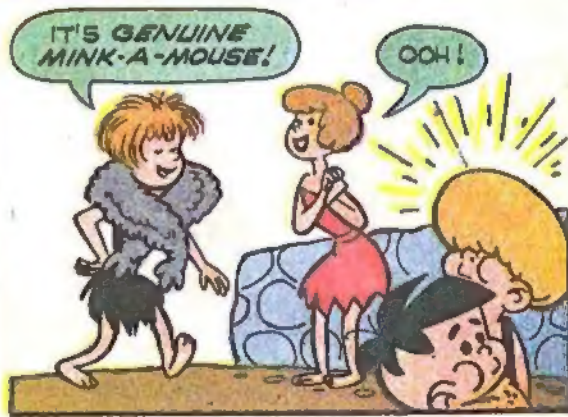
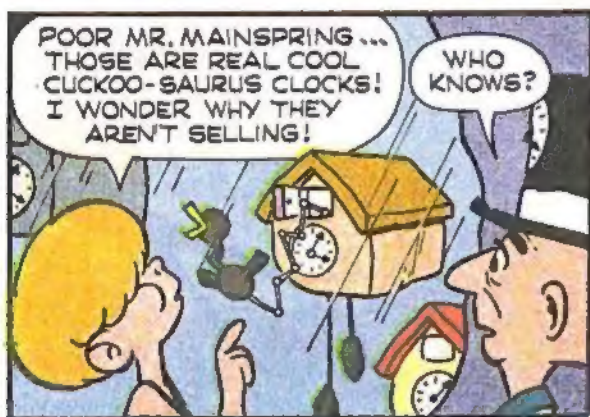
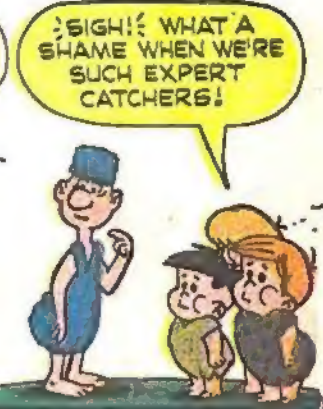
THE CUCKOO-SAURUS CAPER

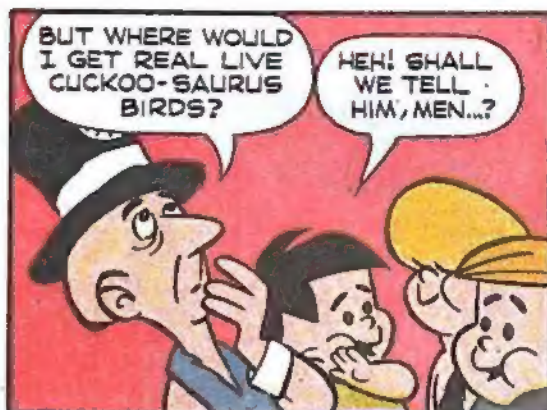


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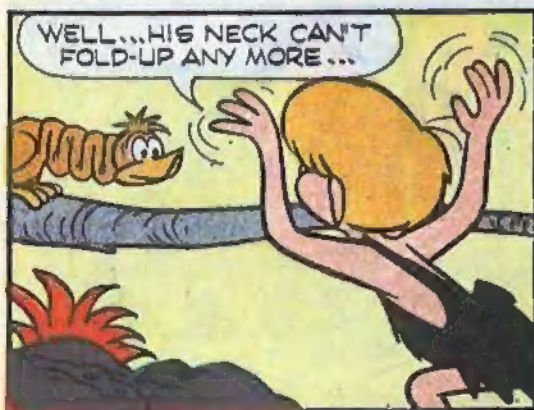
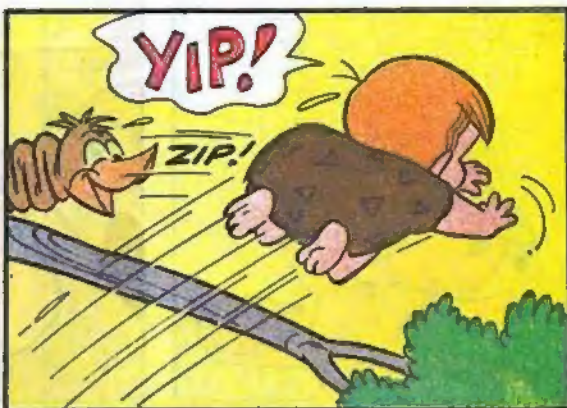
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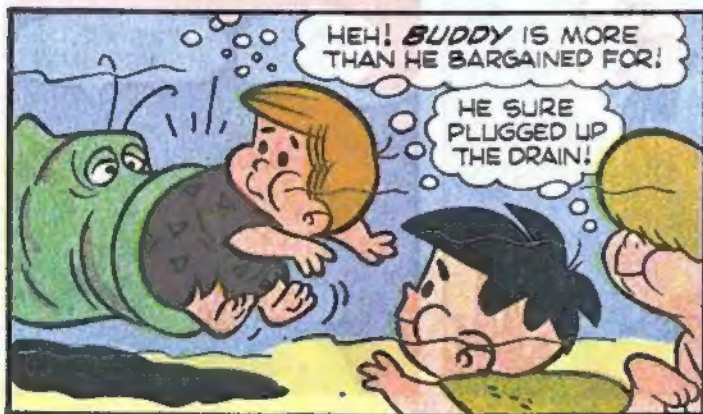


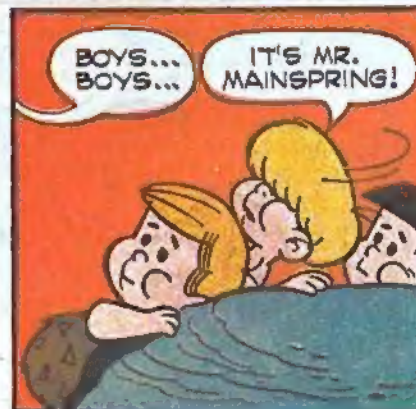


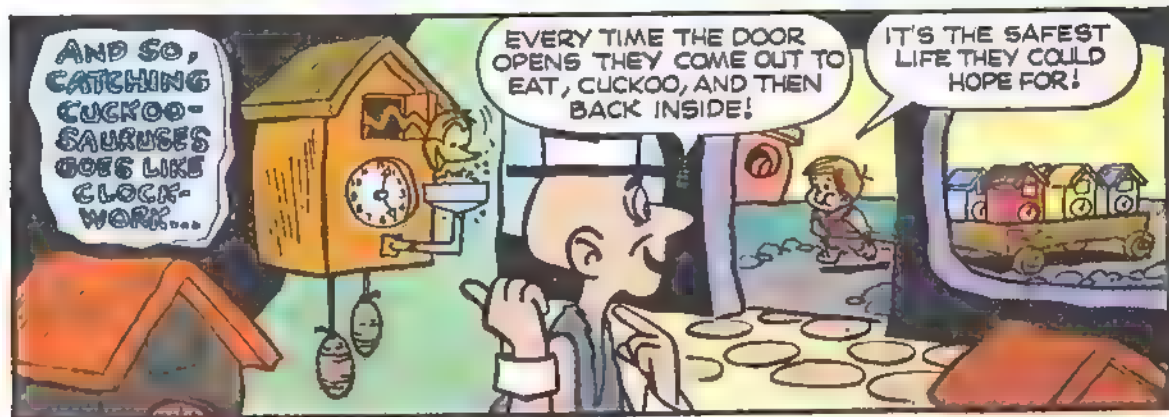
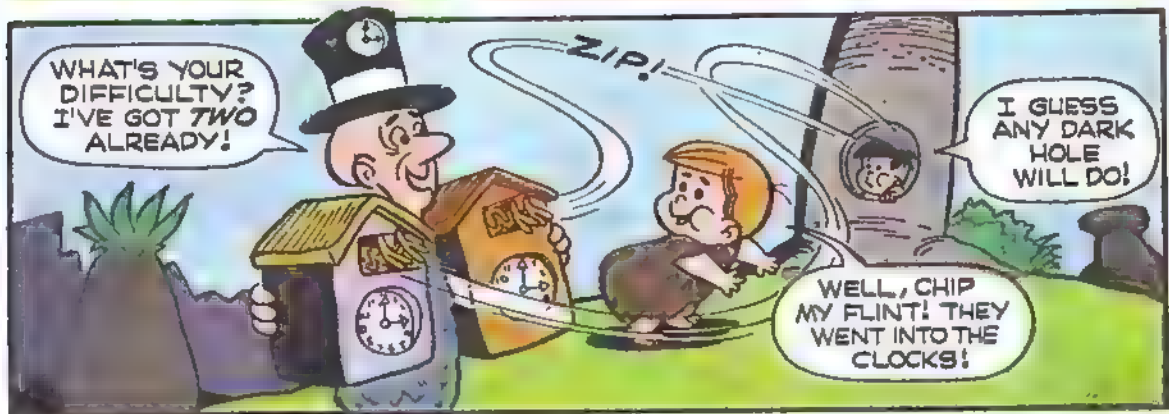
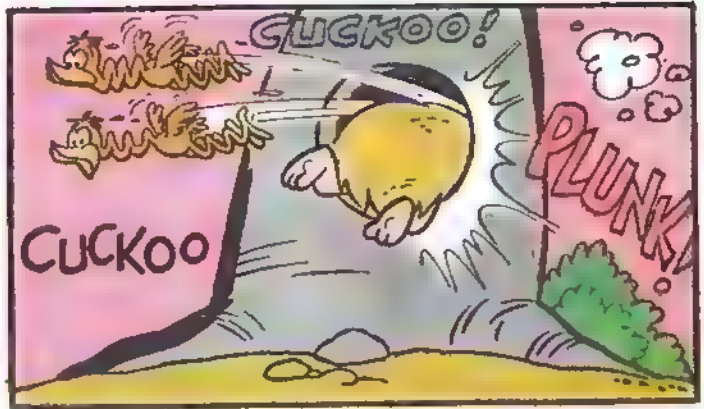
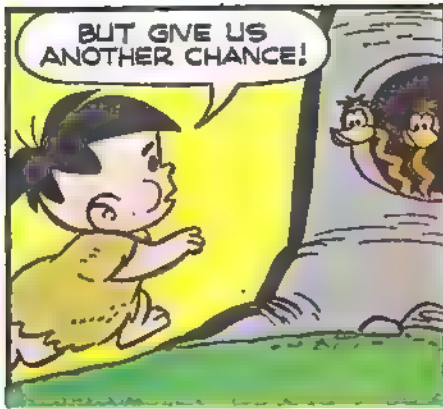


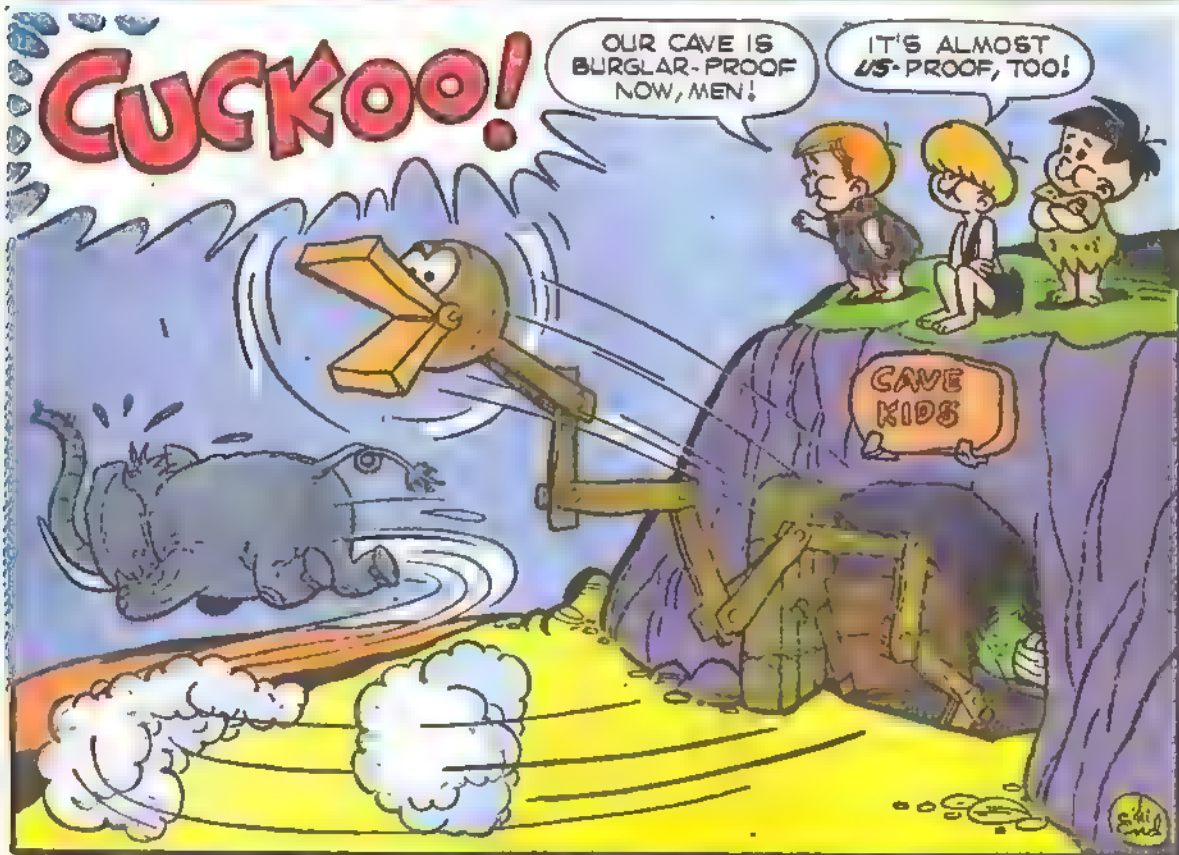
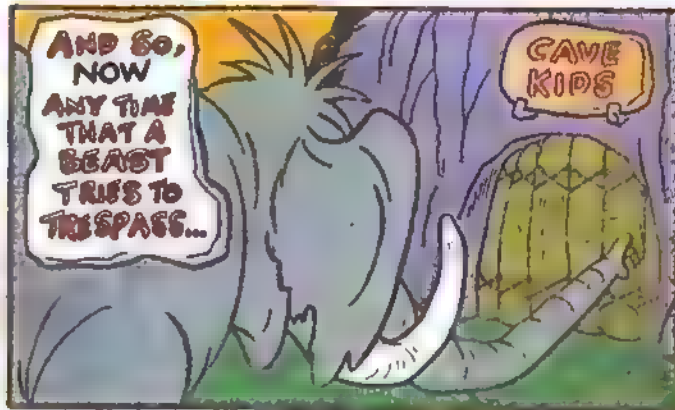
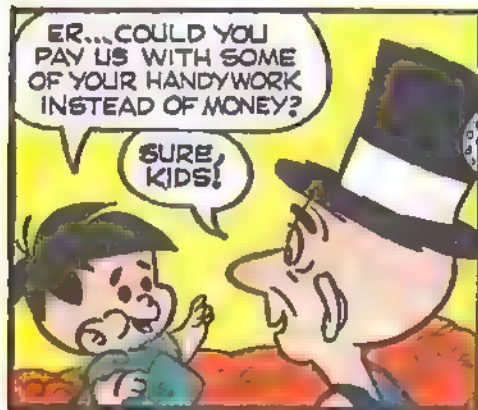
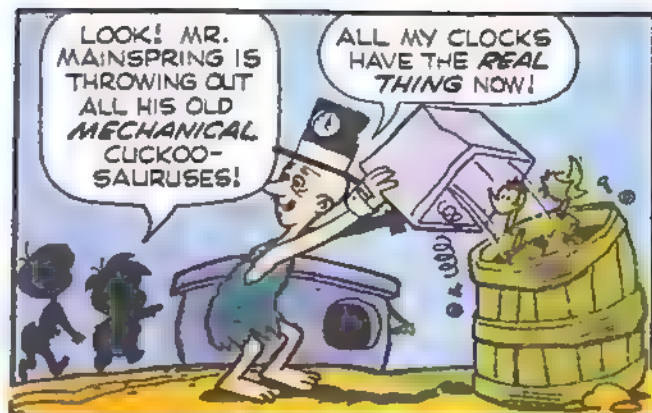




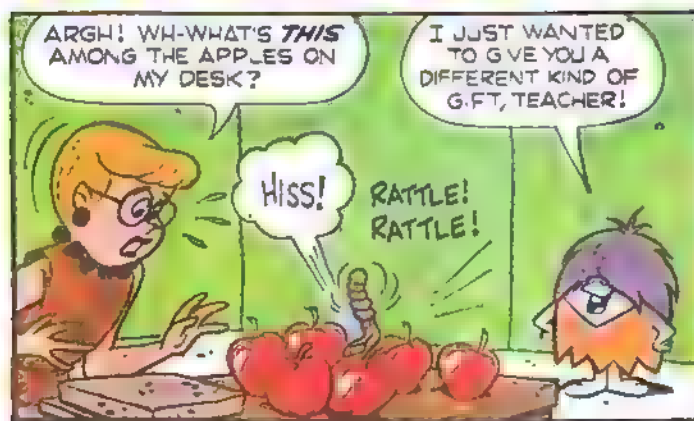
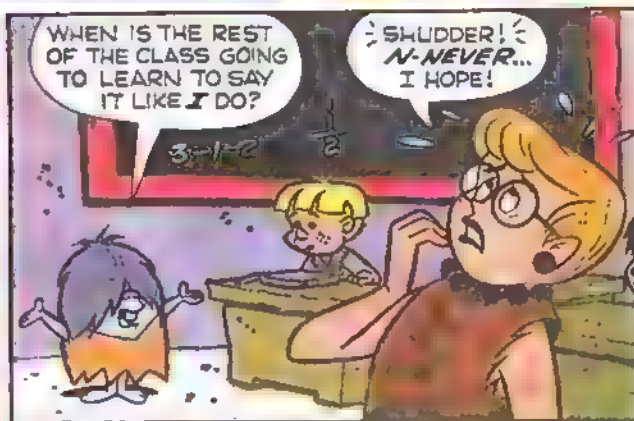
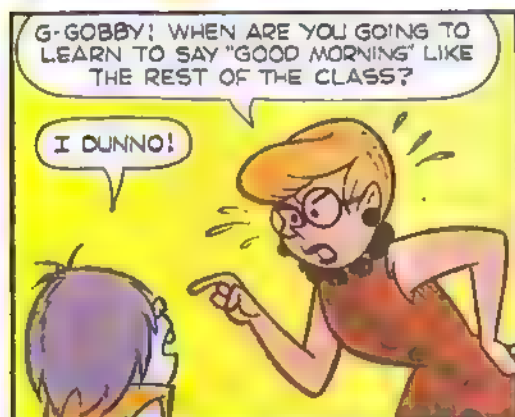
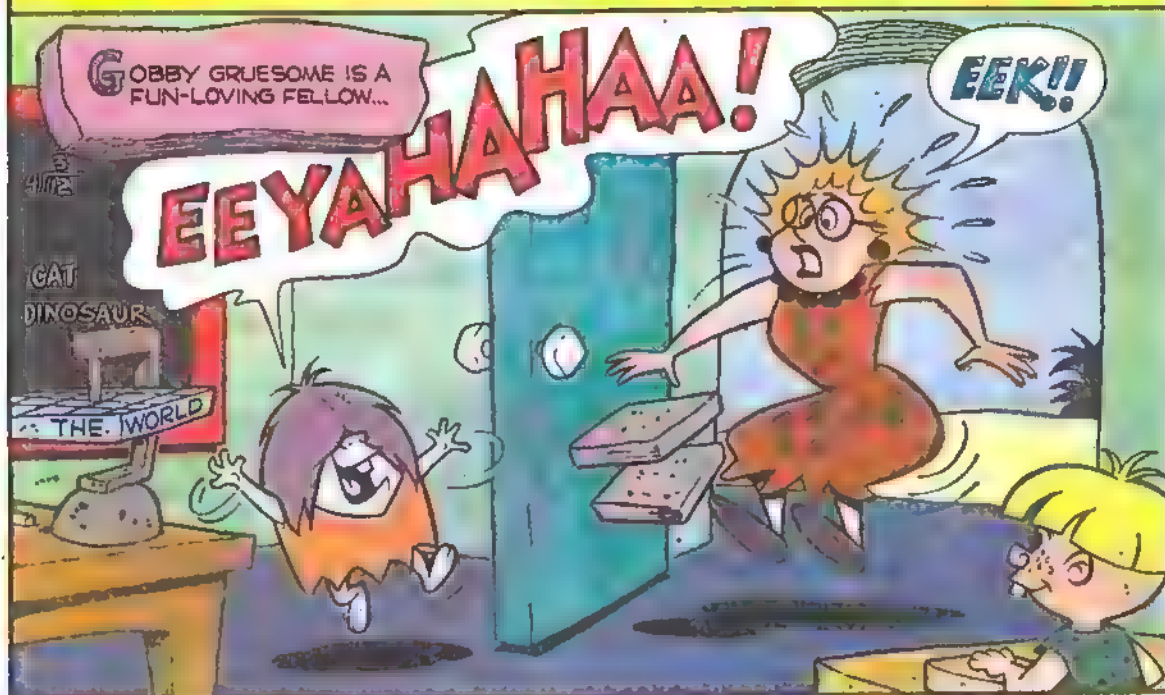


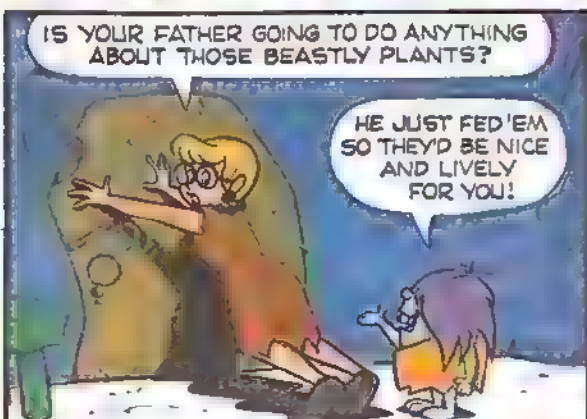
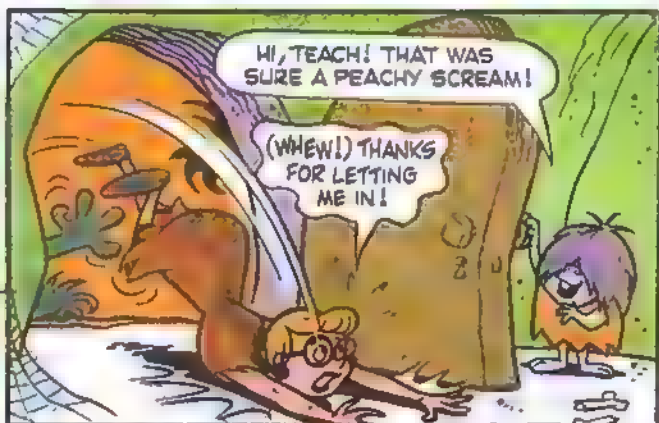
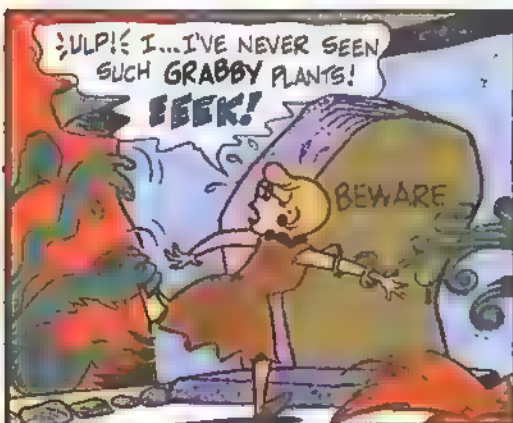
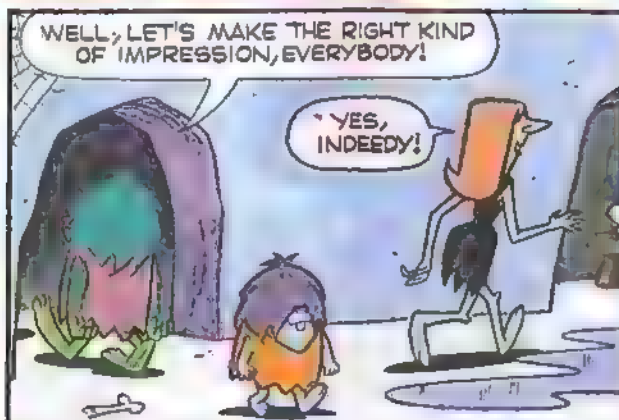
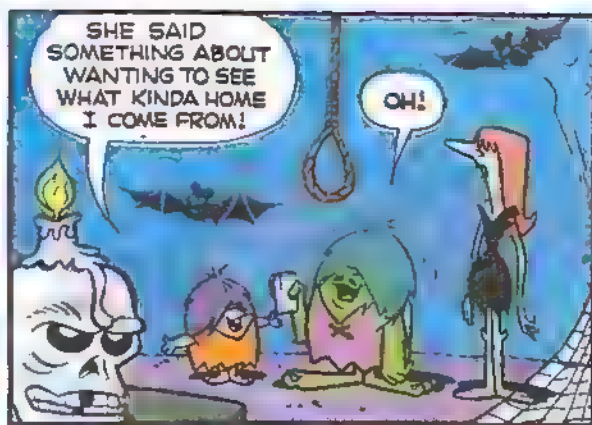
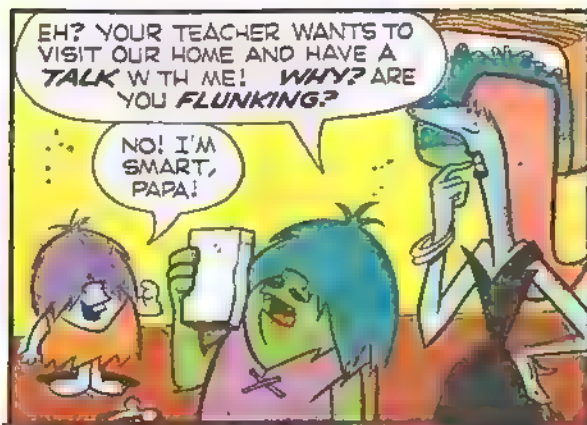


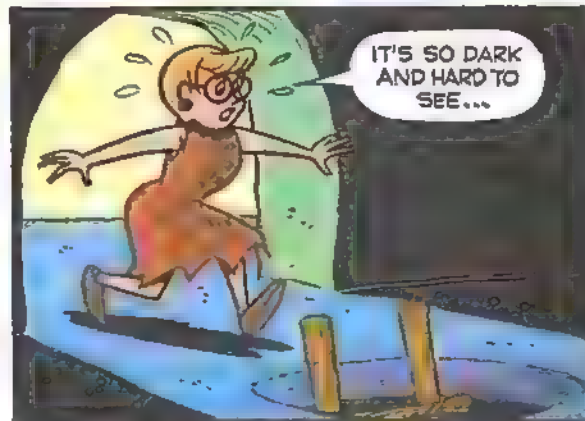
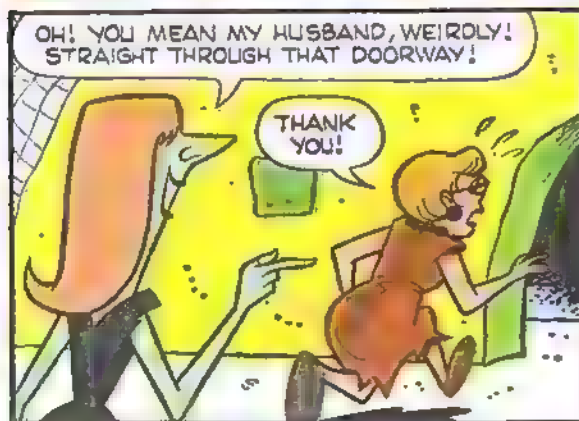
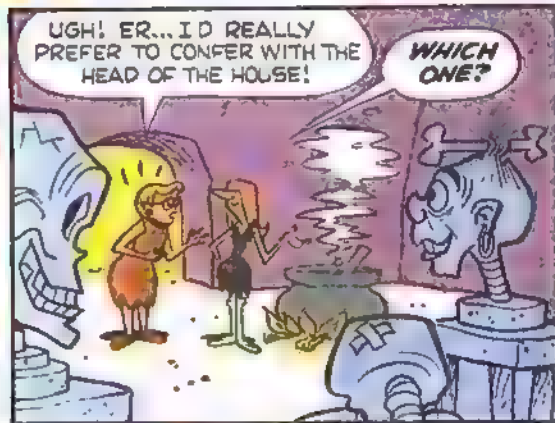
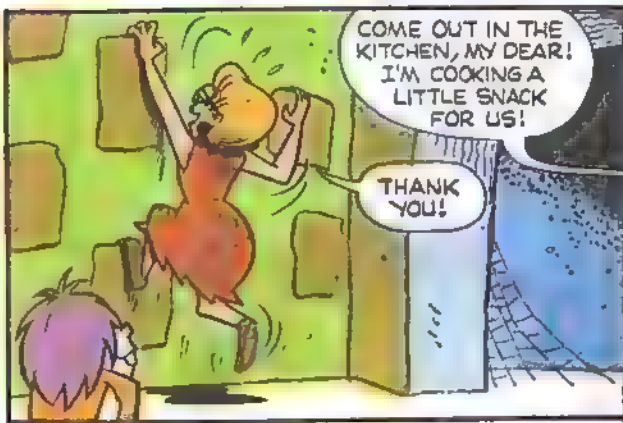
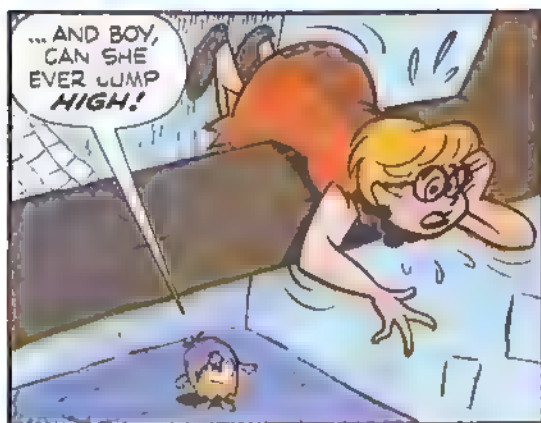
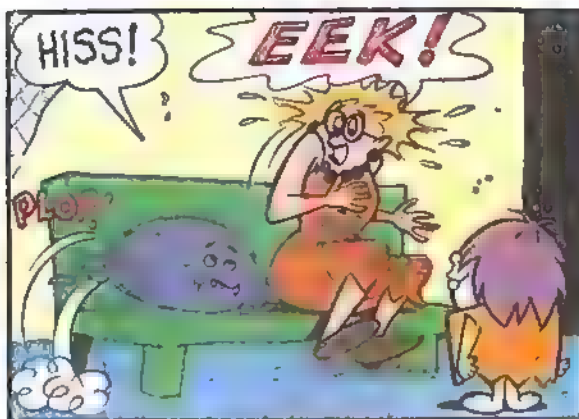


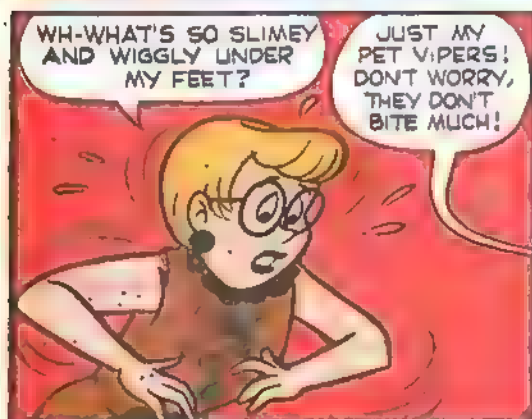


Hanna-Barbera
THE GRUESOMES *TEACHER'S REGRET*











Augie Doggie had a real problem. Doggie Daddy's birthday was tomorrow, and Augie didn't know what gift to get his dad.

Augie figured that Doggie Daddy had all the things he needed. He had a good job, a home, and a loving son! He had clothes enough and plenty of food. And since he did not have any hobbies, Augie knew it would be foolish to buy something for a hobby.

Augie wracked his brain. Finally he decided to make a list of things his daddy just might want. On a tablet he began to write: THINGS MY DEAR DAD MIGHT WANT FOR HIS BIRTHDAY, FOR I HAVE TO GET HIM SOMETHING OR I'LL BE VERY SAD! He tried to think some more, then under the list that did not materialize he wrote: BUT I CAN'T THINK OF A THING, BECAUSE HE DOESN'T HAVE ANY HOBBIES AND HE DOESN'T GO IN FOR SPORTS.

Augie finally gave up; and leaving the tablet on the kitchen table, he went out to play with his friends.

Shortly, Doggie Daddy came home. He saw the birthday list that his son had started. After he read it, Daddy realized that Augie would be sad if he had nothing to give him for his birthday; so he decided to do something about it. He would take up fishing and then Augie could buy a lure, or something like that for a gift.

Daddy hurried down to the sporting goods store to buy a fishing rod; however, he be-

came so entranced with all the equipment, and the salesman was so helpful, that Daddy wound up buying not only a rod, but also a reel, lures, hooks, lines and sinkers.

When he returned home, he said, "Look, O Son of Mine! I've decided to take up fishing as a hobby!"

Augie looked at the mountain of equipment and gulped. "That's nice, Dear Dad. I — I — I guess you have just about everything you need there!"

Poor Augie! His problem of what to get his dad for a birthday gift was still unsolved. What could he get to go with all that fancy equipment?

Doggie Daddy was still so interested in his fishing gear that he quite forgot all about his son's problem.

"How about us going fishing tomorrow?" he asked. "I can hardly wait to try out this stuff!"

"Okay, Precious Pop!" answered Augie. But thinking to himself he said, "Well, at least Dear Dad will be happy on his birthday, even though I will be sad."

The next morning, bright and early, they went to the river. Dad hurriedly got his rod ready. Then he sat down on the bank.

"Watch out, fish!" he warned. "Here I come!"

Time dragged on, and not one fish took a nibble at Daddy's line. "Shucks," he grumbled. "Somebody must have passed a law to keep fish from biting on fancy lures."

Suddenly, Augie jumped up. He had been sitting very patiently all this time, but a brilliant idea had just struck him.

"Don't stop fishing, Dear Dad!" he said. "I'll be right back," and he ran off.

In a few minutes he returned, carrying a large paper bag.

"Here, Dear Desperate Dad of Mine! Happy birthday!"

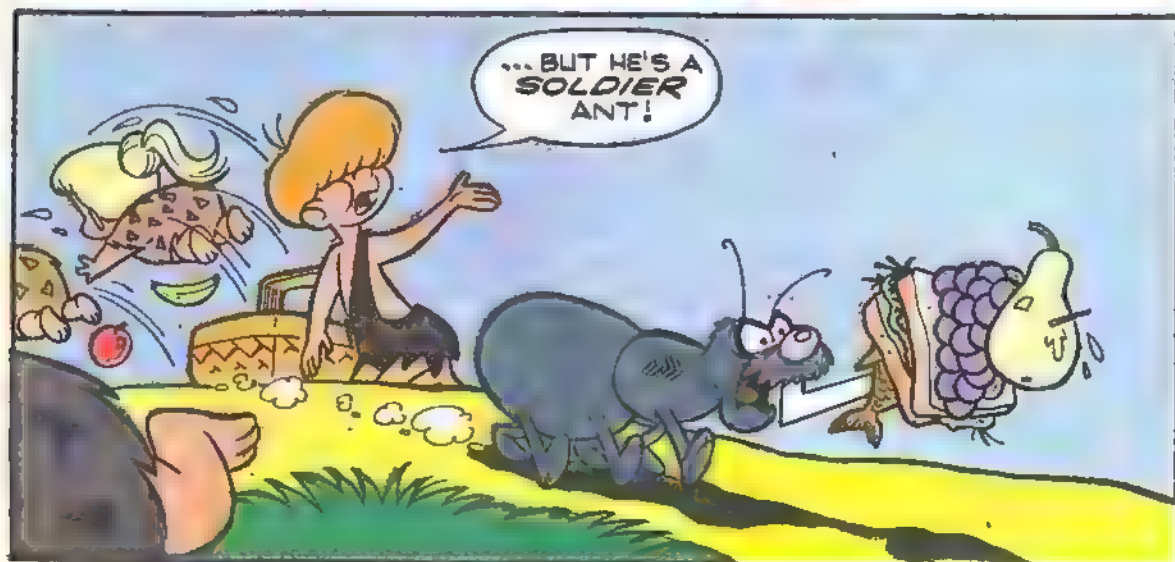
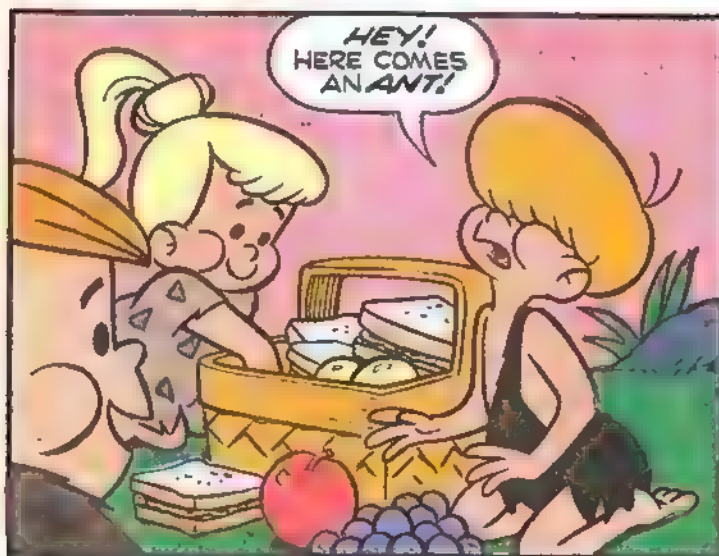
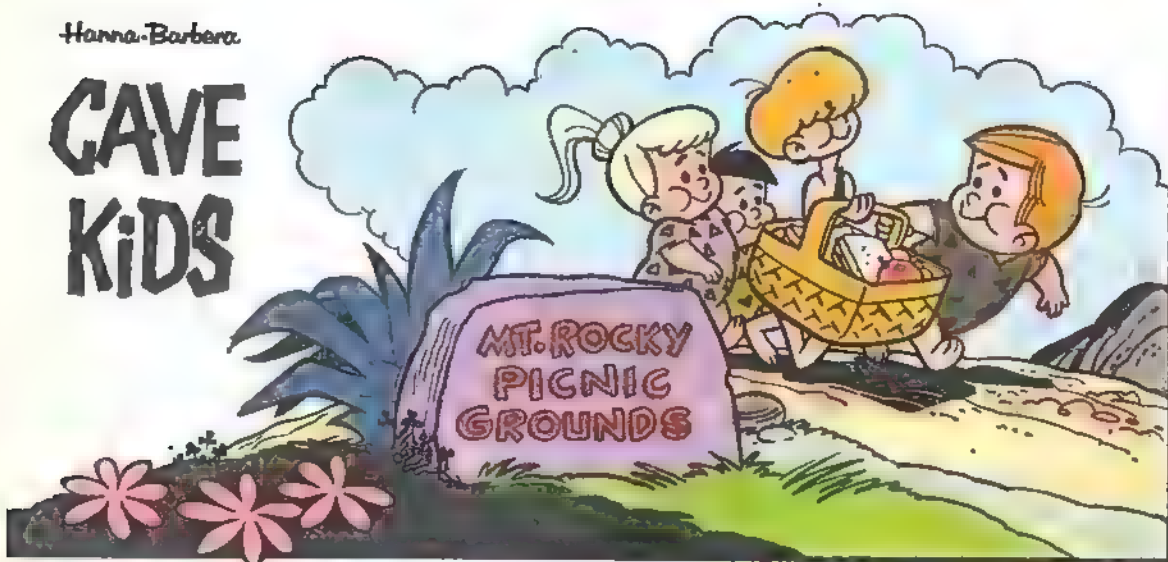
"Thank you, Thoughtful Son," smiled Dad, as he opened the bag and took out a very wiggly worm.

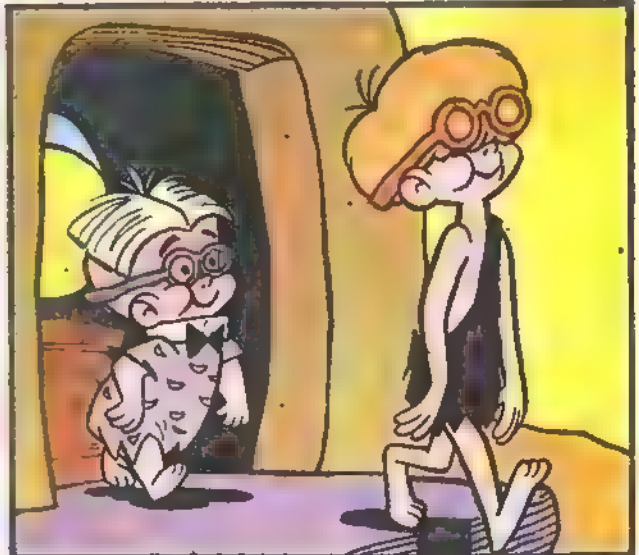
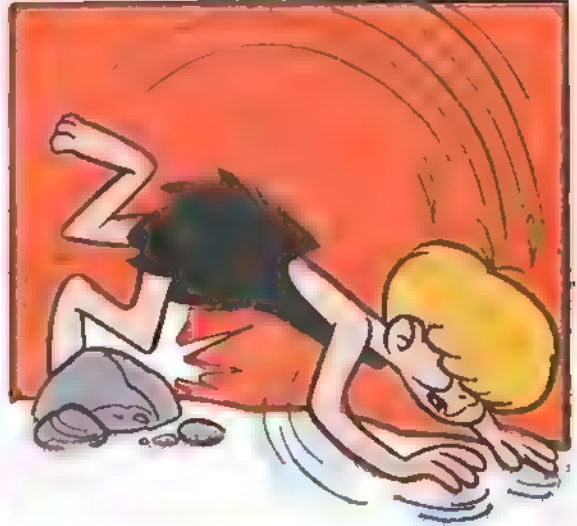
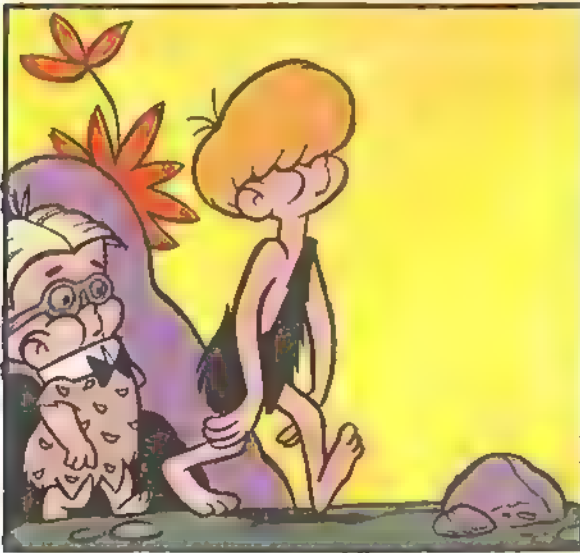
"There, Precious Pop! Put that on your hook and see what you catch."

In a minute, Doggie Daddy reeled in a big fish, and he said, "Dear, Sagacious Son, I couldn't have asked for a nicer or more thoughtful gift. You've made this the best birthday ever!"

Hanna-Barbera

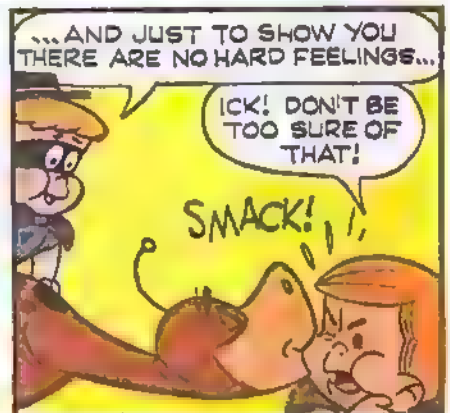
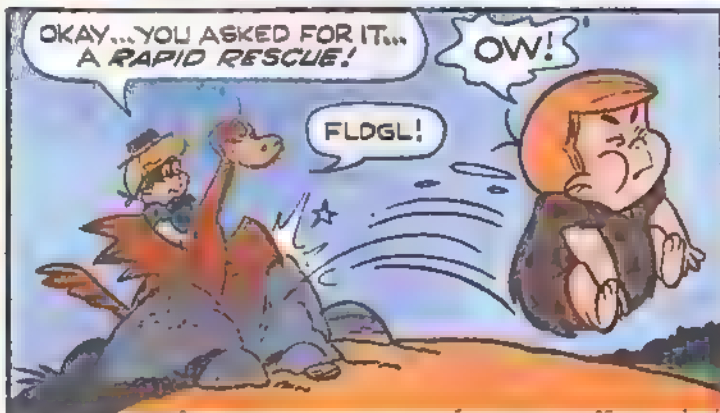
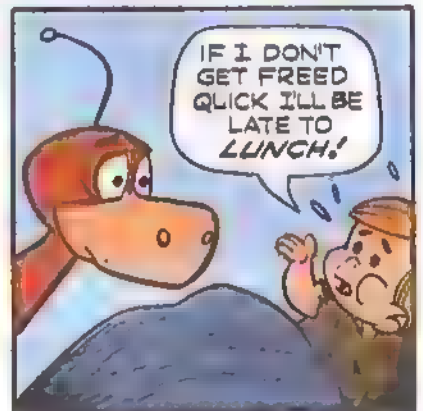
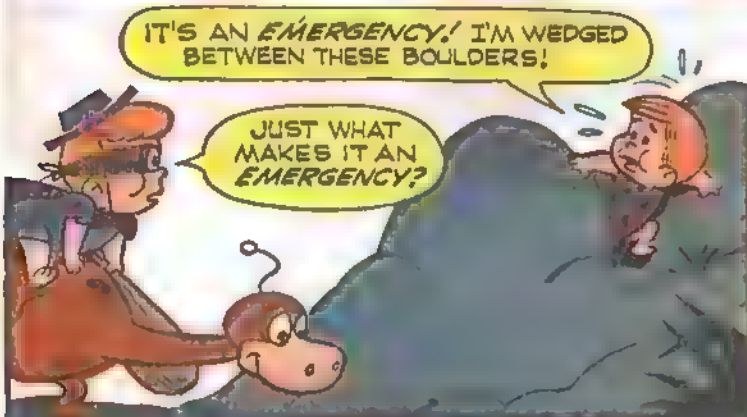
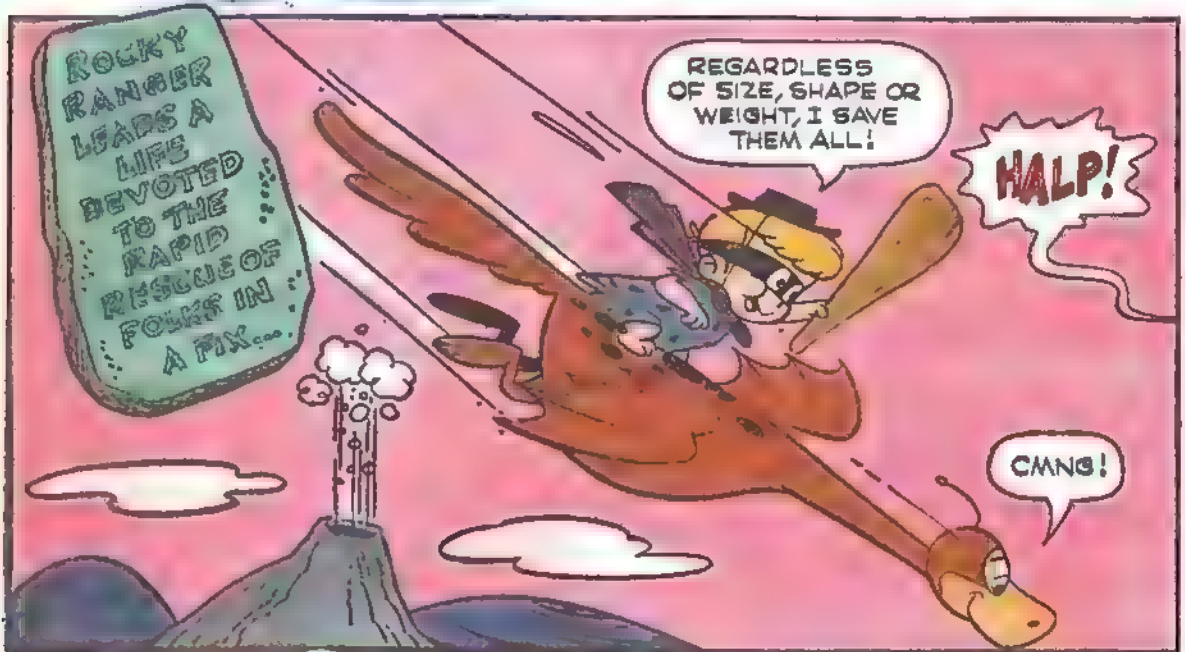
CAVE KIDS

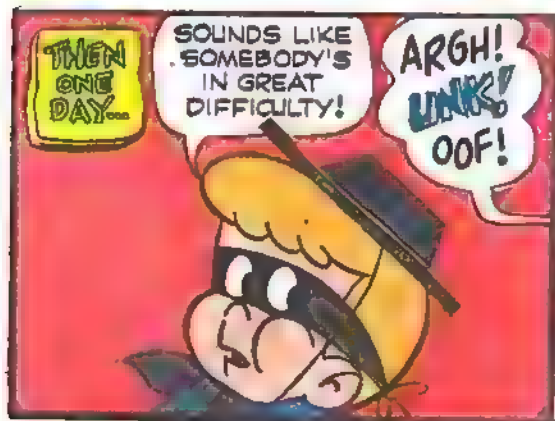
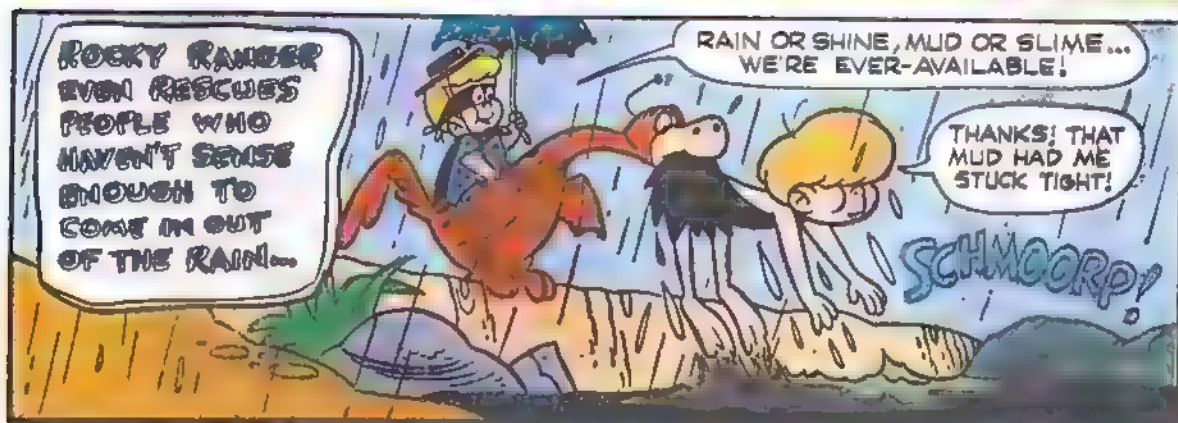
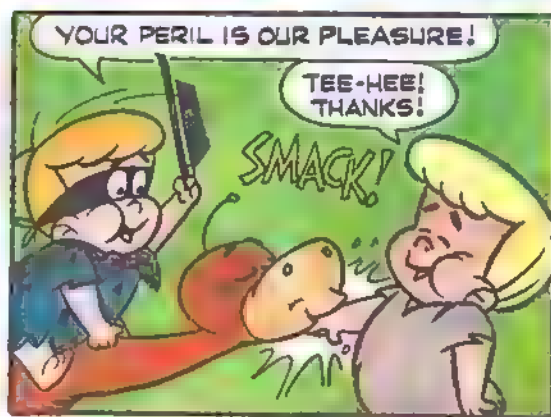
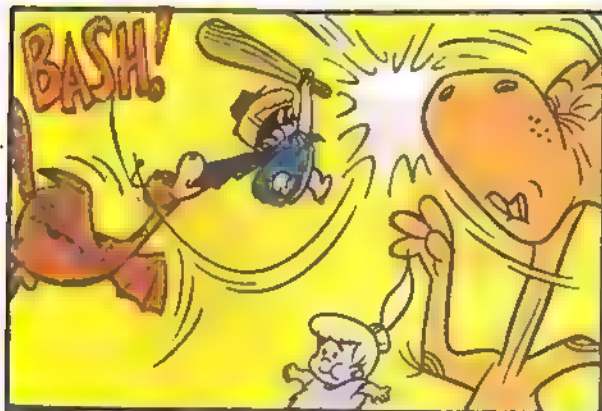
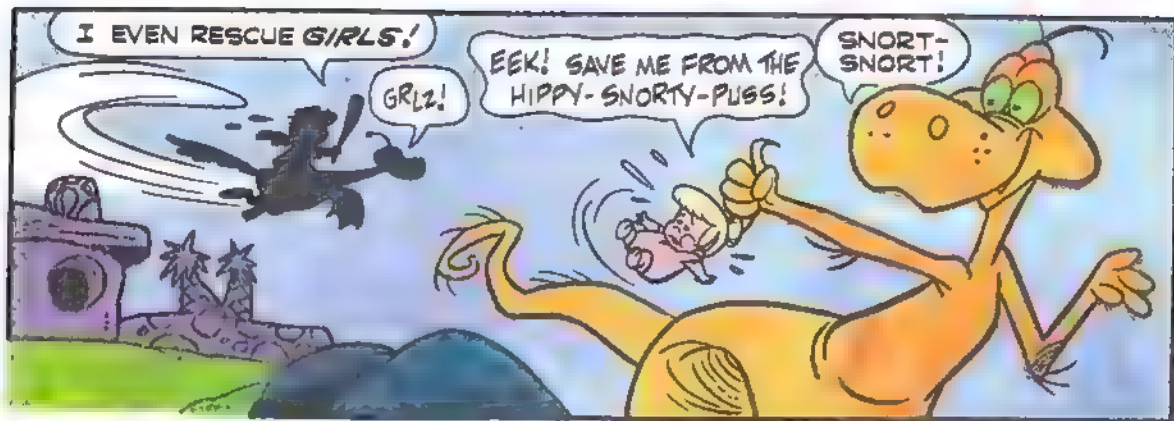


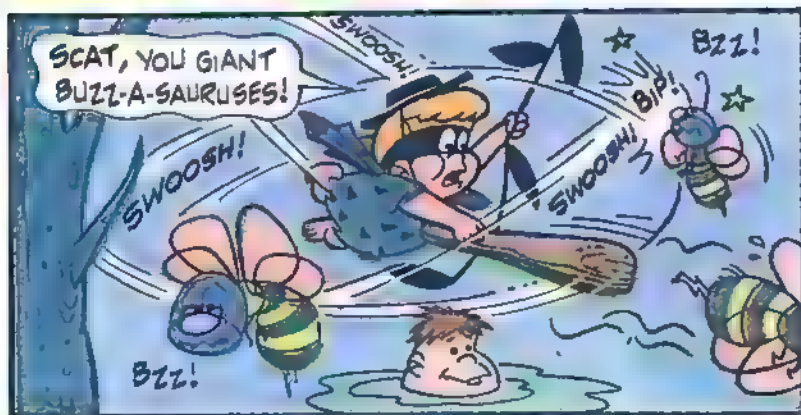
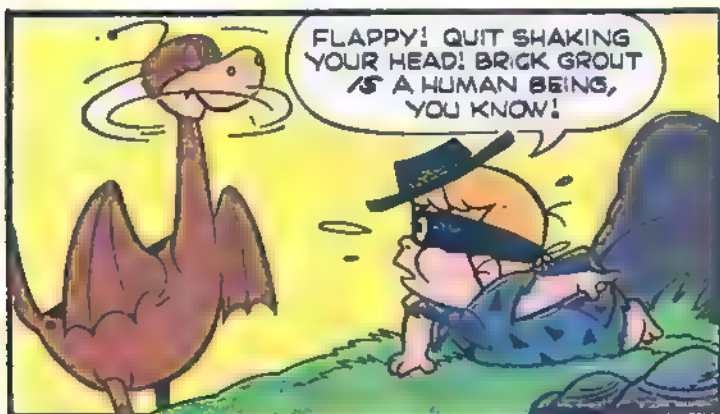
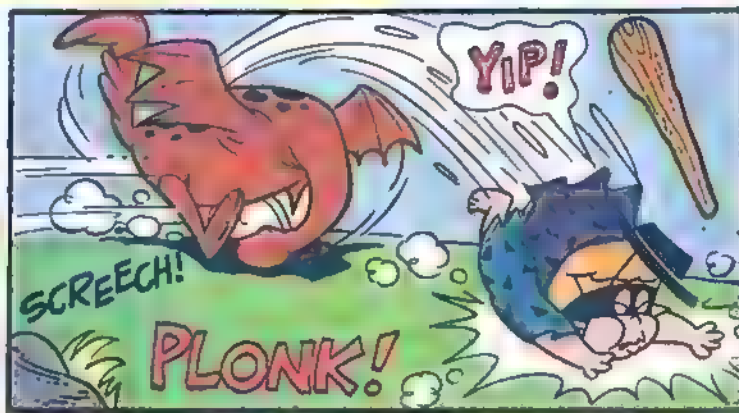
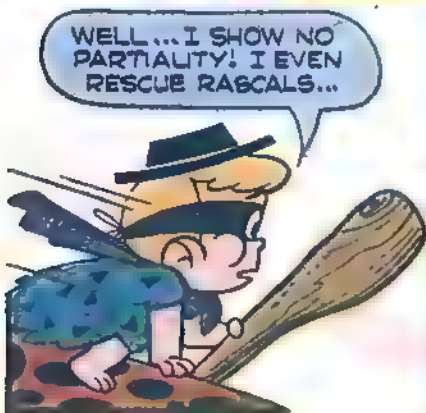


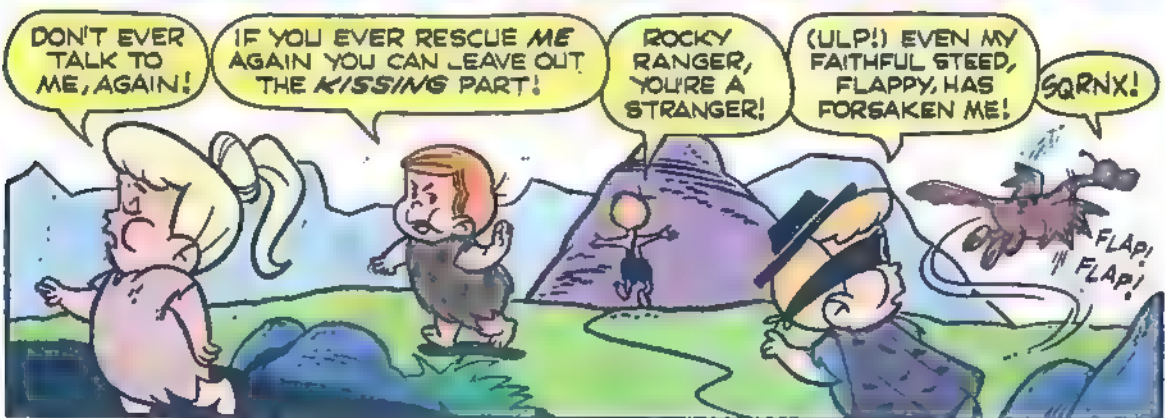
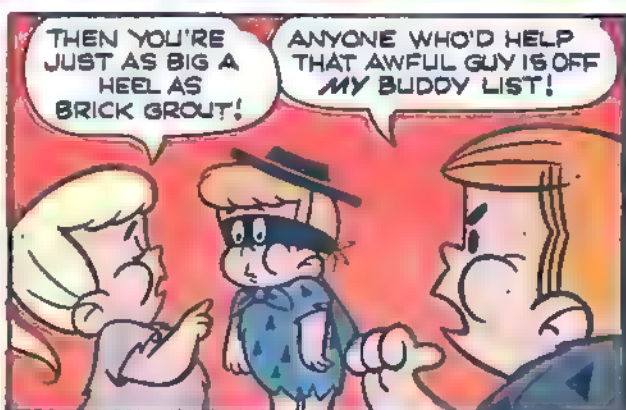
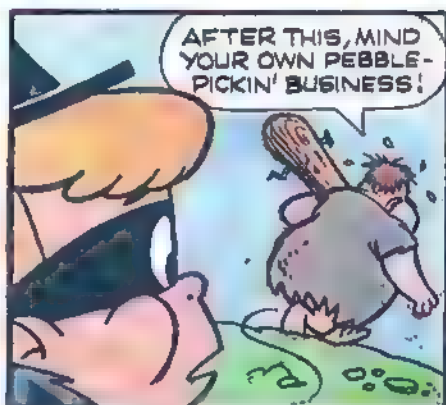
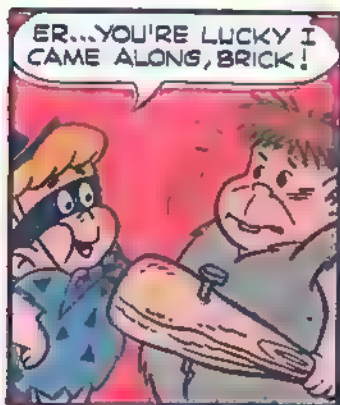
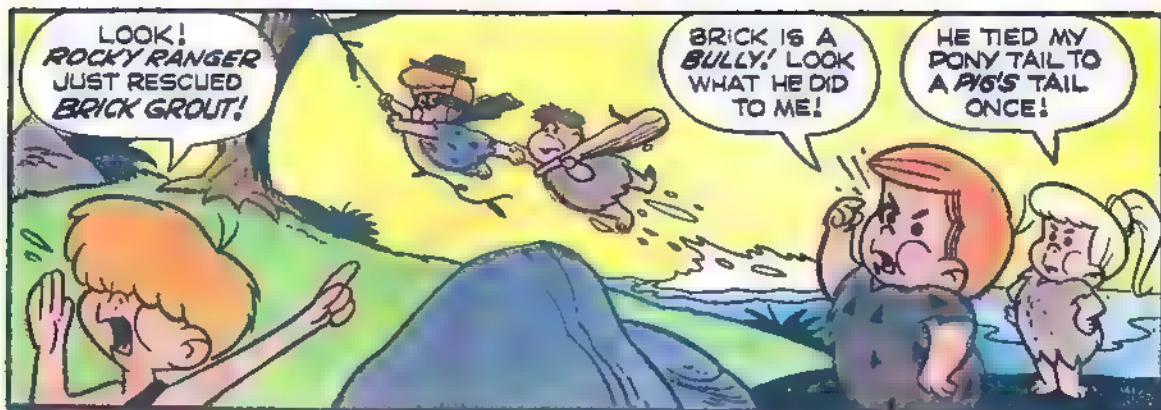


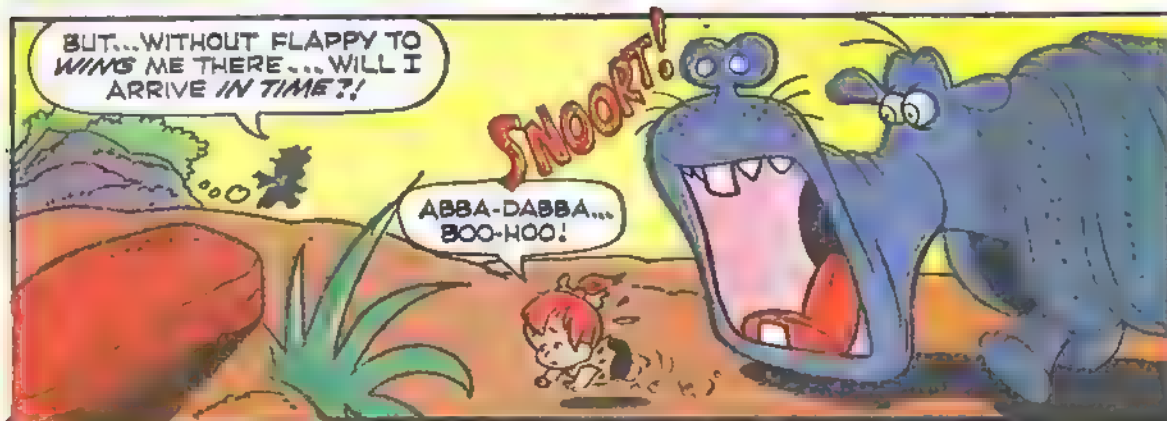
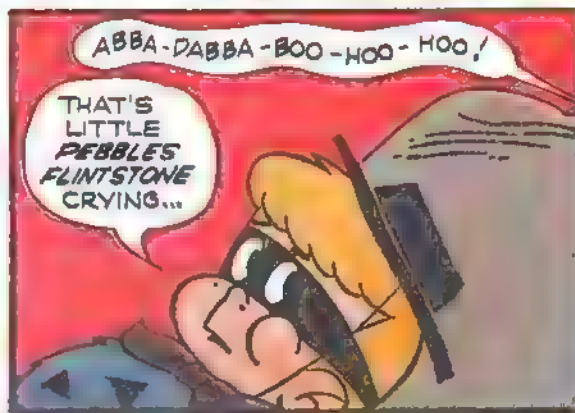
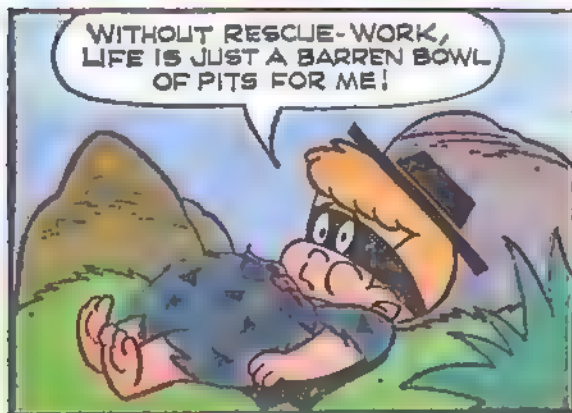
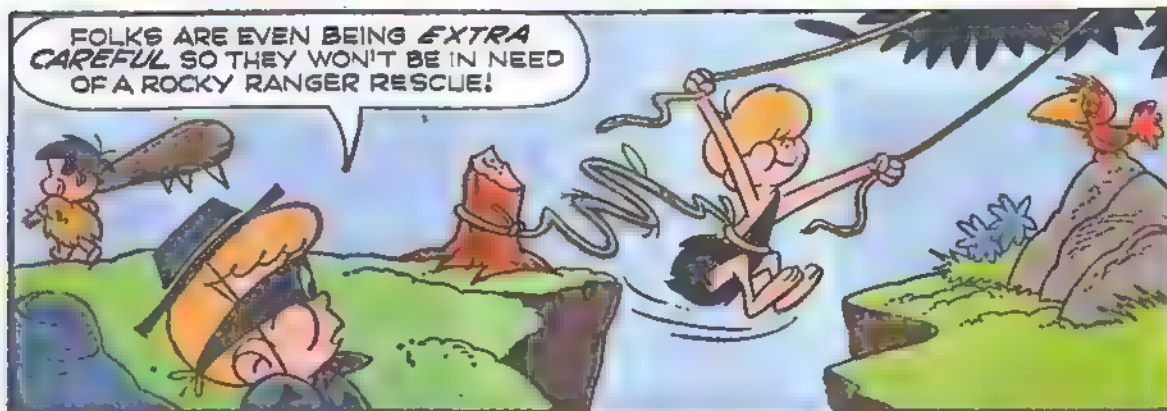
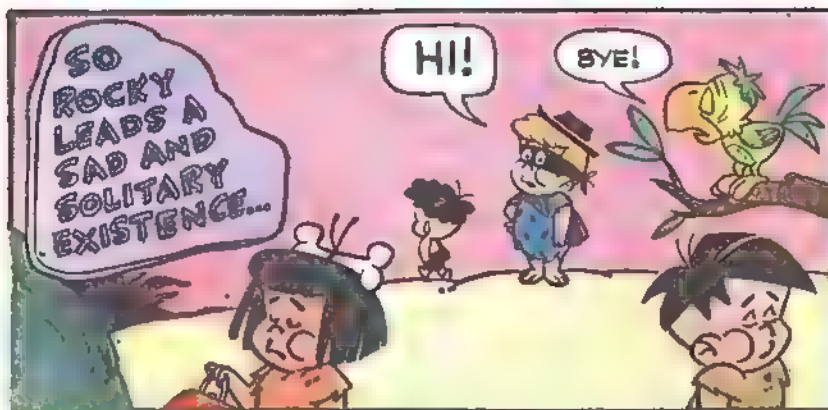
Hanna-Barbera
ROCKY RANGER
DIAL "H" FOR HERO

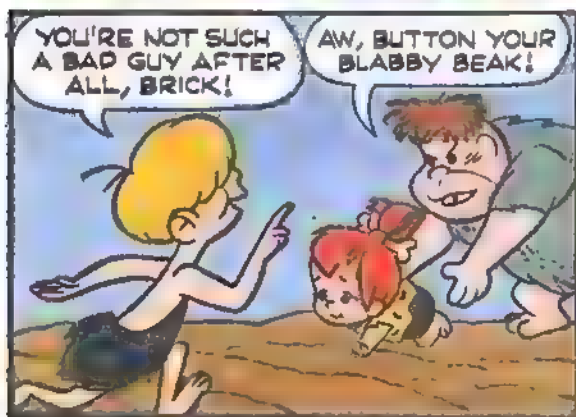
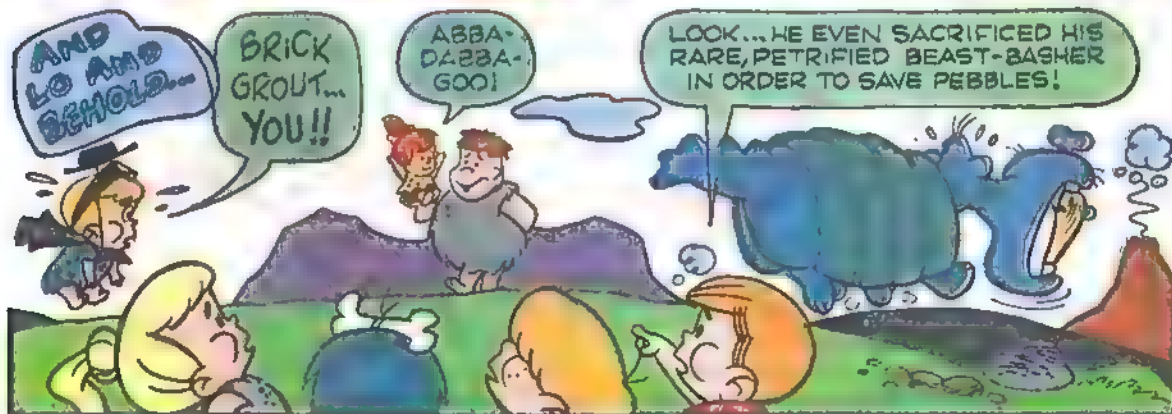
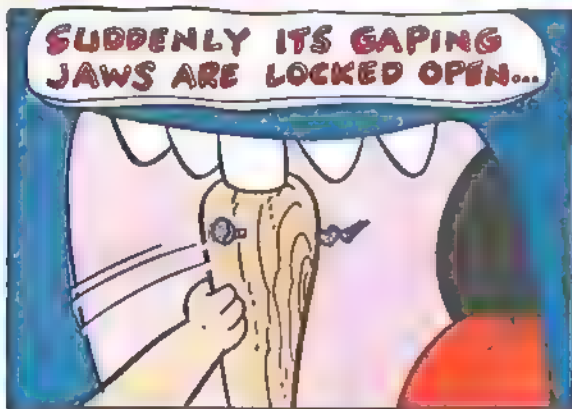
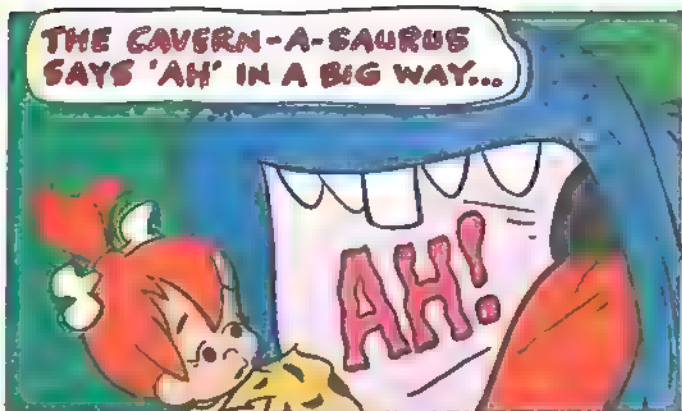
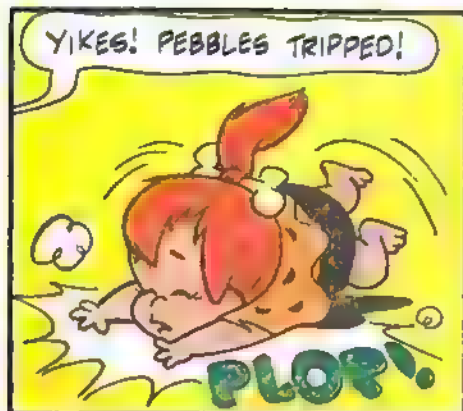






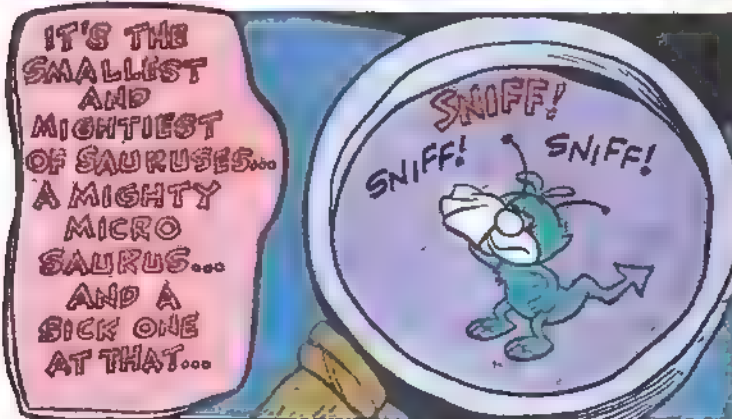
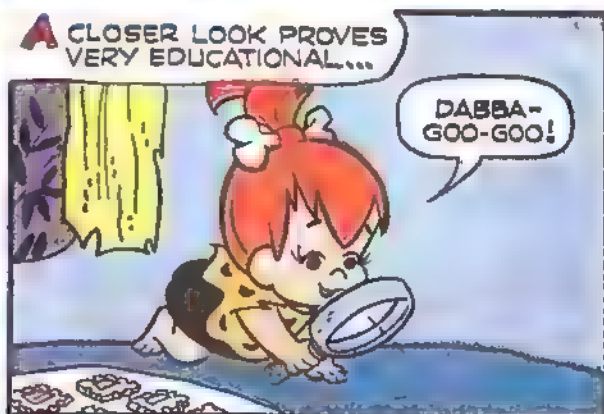
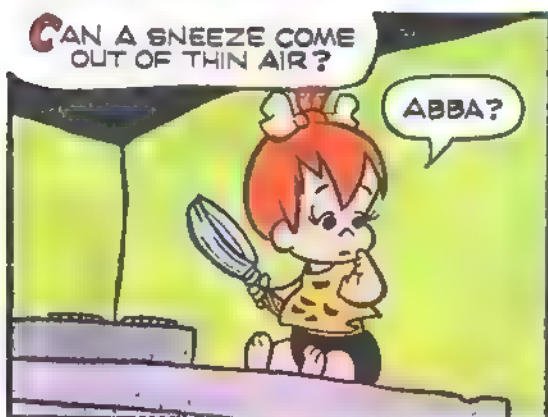
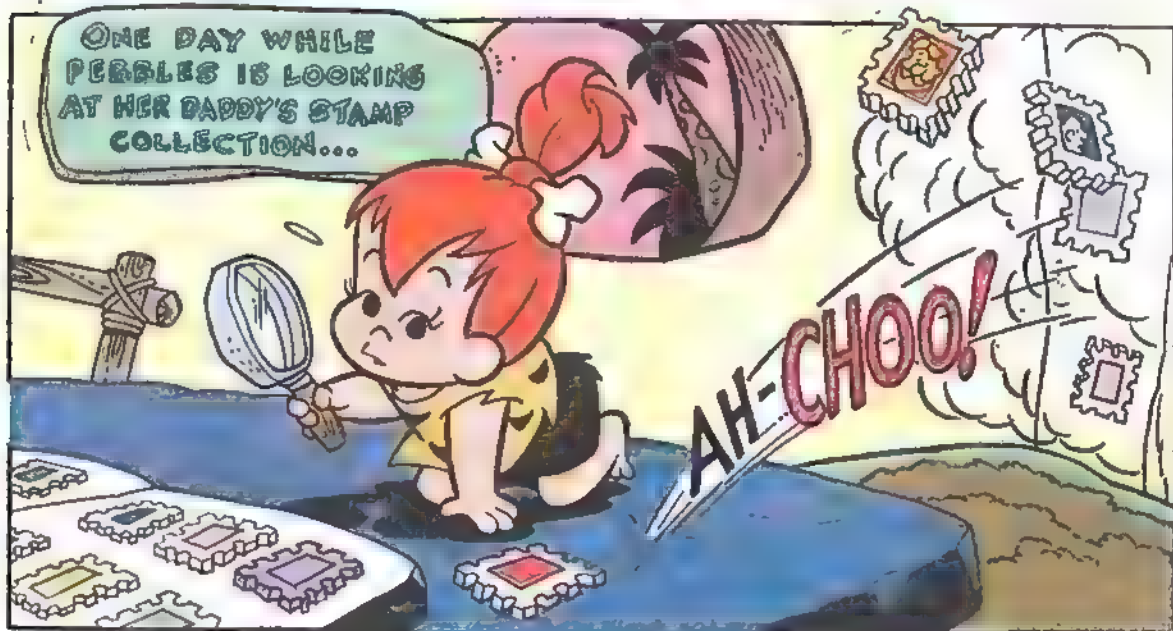




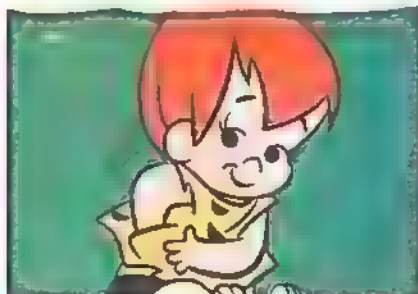




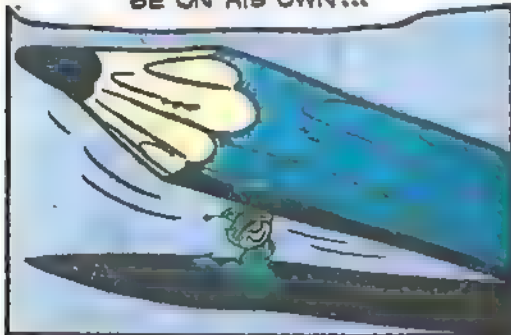
Hanna-Barbara
**PEBBLES and BAMM-BAMM
MIGHTY MITE**



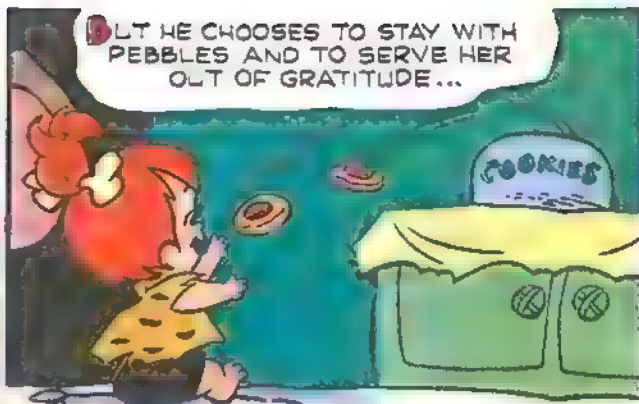
AND SO, PEBBLES PUTS IT TO BED IN HER NICE WARM POCKET WHERE IT STARTS RECUPERATING!



BY AND BY "MITEY" ATTAINS FULL STRENGTH AND IS WELL ENOUGH TO BE ON HIS OWN...



BUT HE CHOOSES TO STAY WITH PEBBLES AND TO SERVE HER OUT OF GRATITUDE...

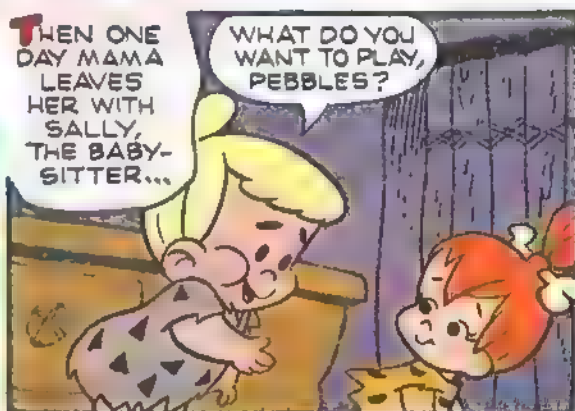


PEBBLES REALLY HAS IT MADE...



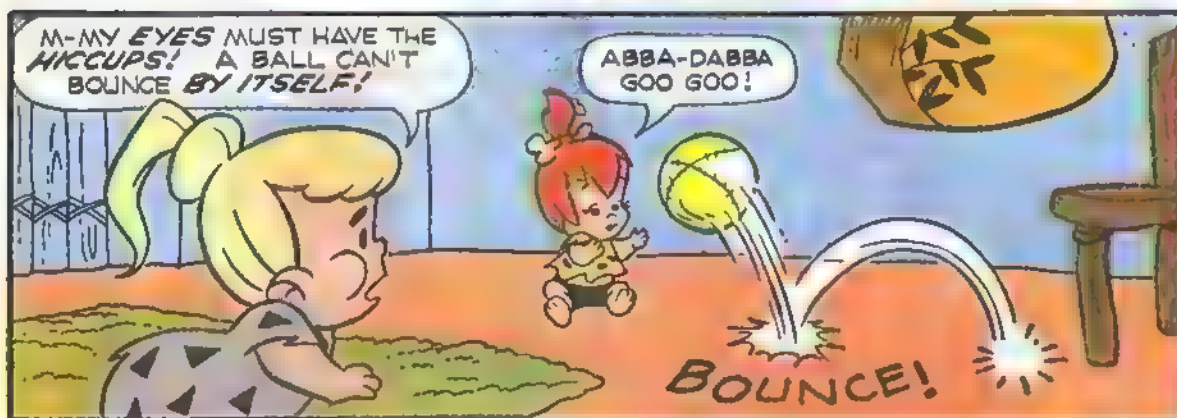
THEN ONE DAY MAMA LEAVES HER WITH SALLY, THE BABY-SITTER...

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO PLAY, PEBBLES?

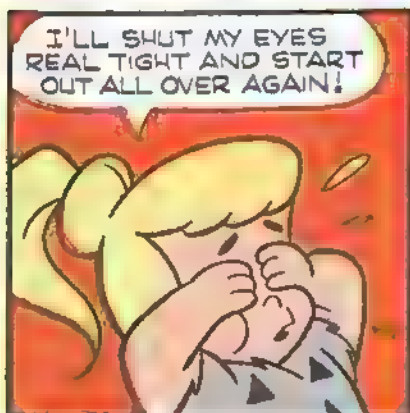


M-MY EYES MUST HAVE THE HICCUPS! A BALL CAN'T BOUNCE BY ITSELF!

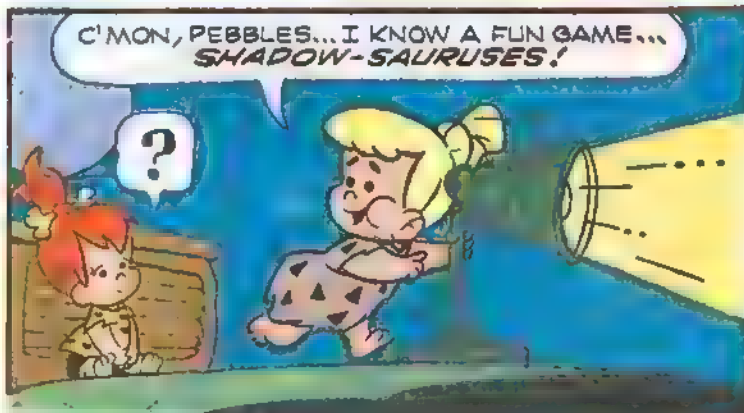
ABBA-DABBA GOO GOO!

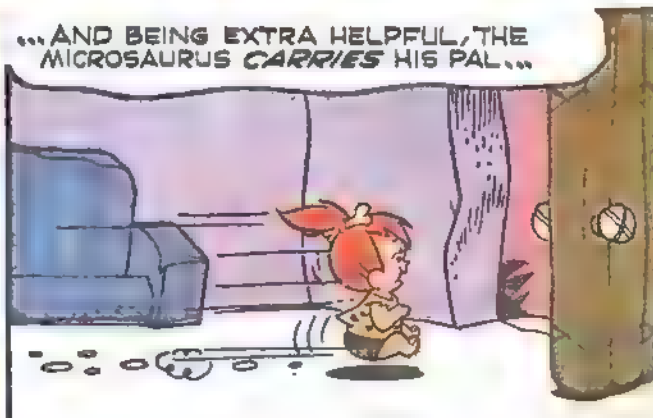
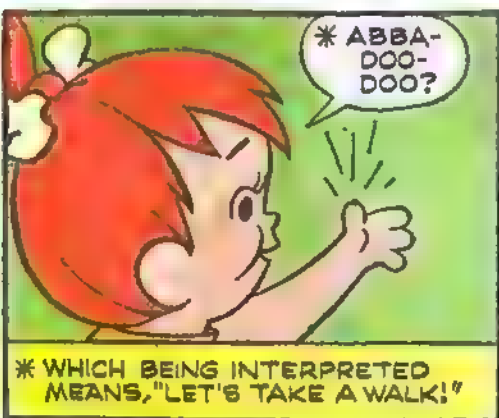
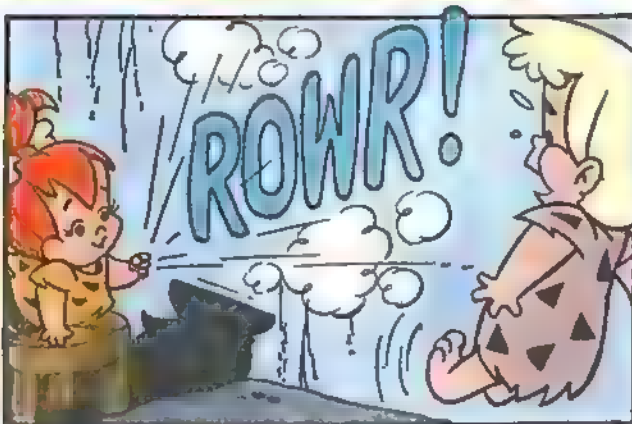
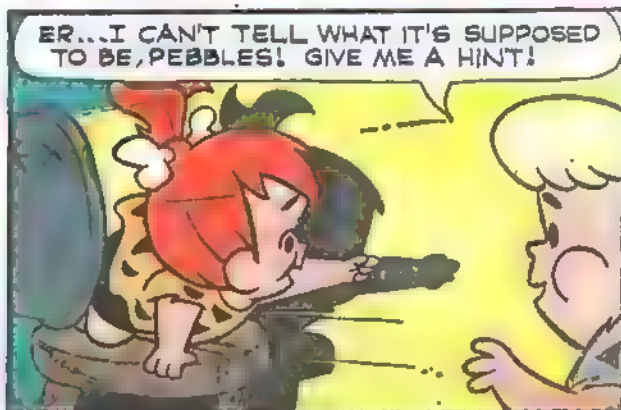
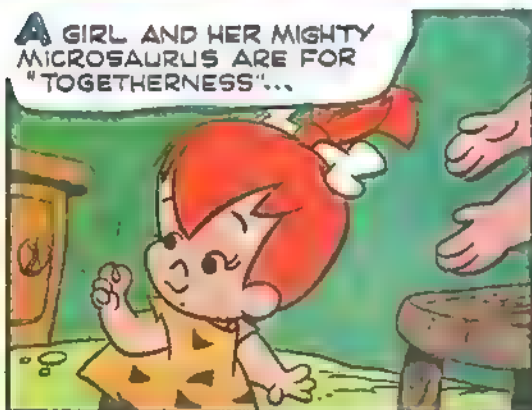
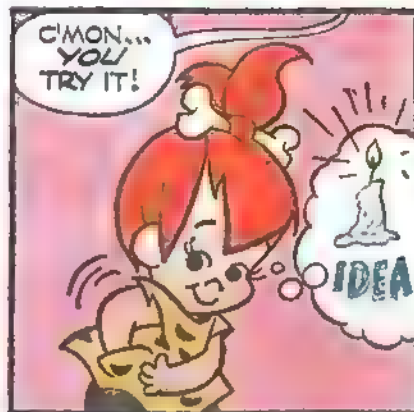
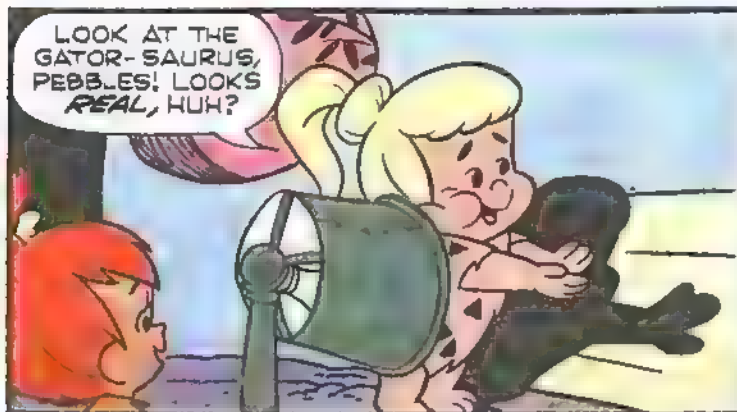


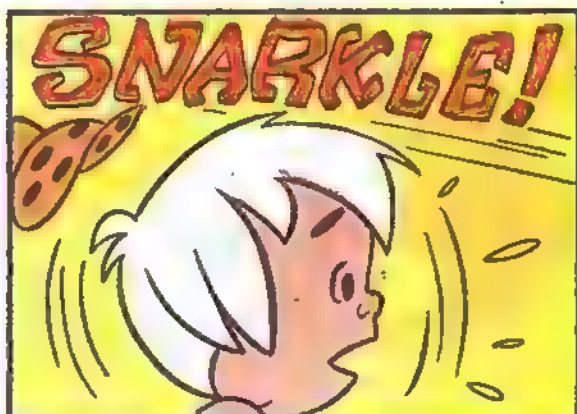
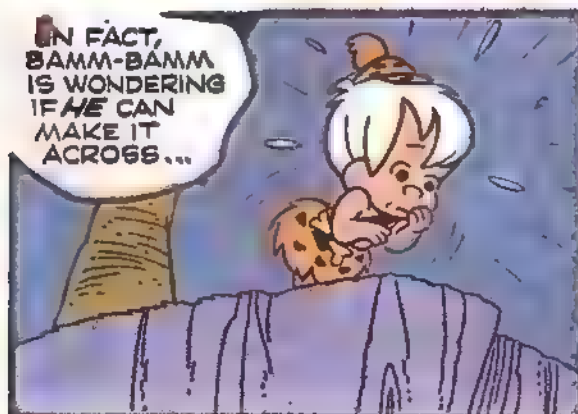
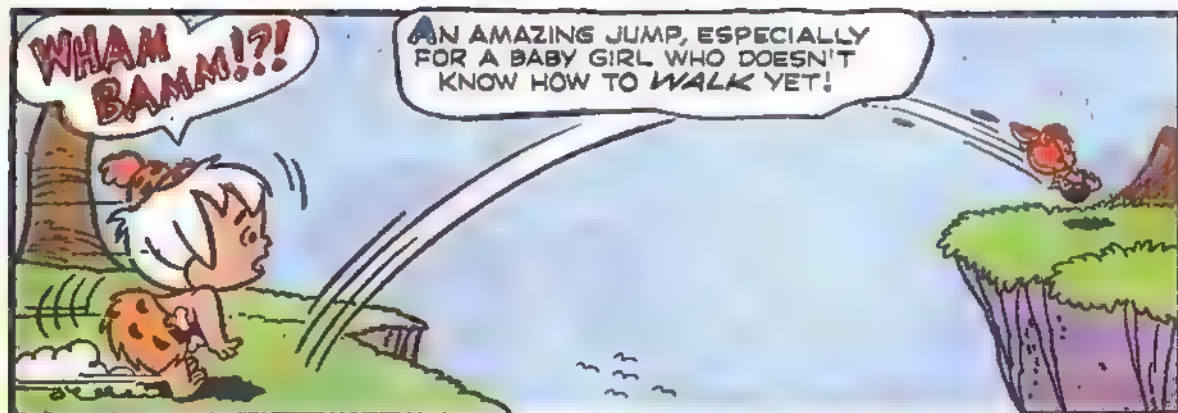
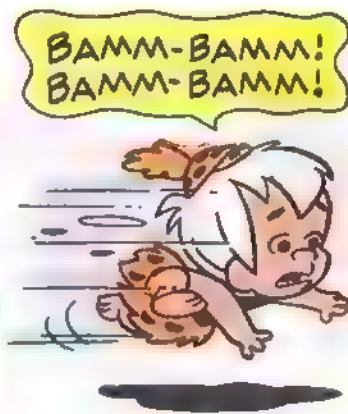
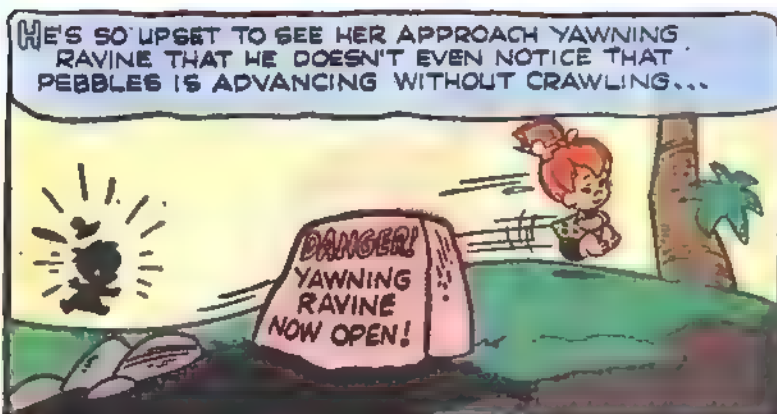
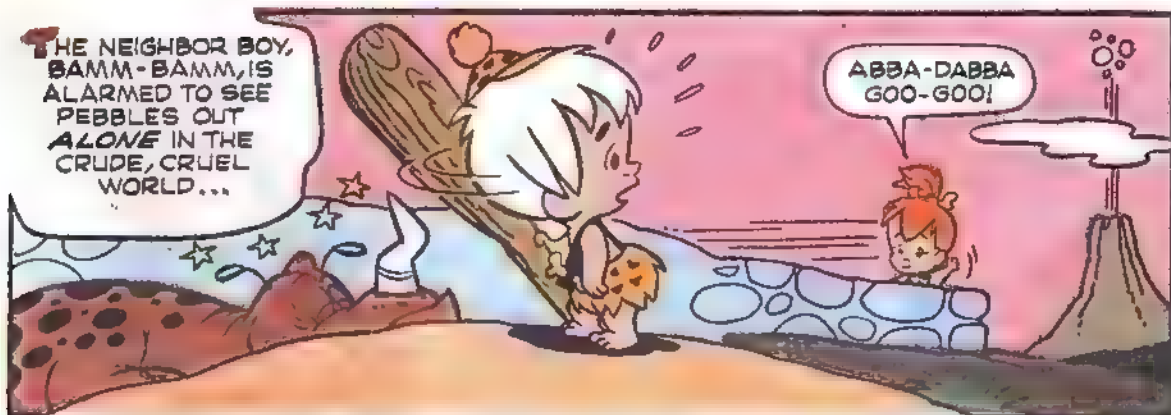
I'LL SHUT MY EYES REAL TIGHT AND START OUT ALL OVER AGAIN!



C'MON, PEBBLES... I KNOW A FUN GAME... **SHADOW-SAURUSES!**







A TERRIBLE
TRUNK-A-SAURUS
IS HOVERING
OVER PEBBLES,
READY TO
SQUEEZE HER
WITH HIS
FRONT-TRUNK...

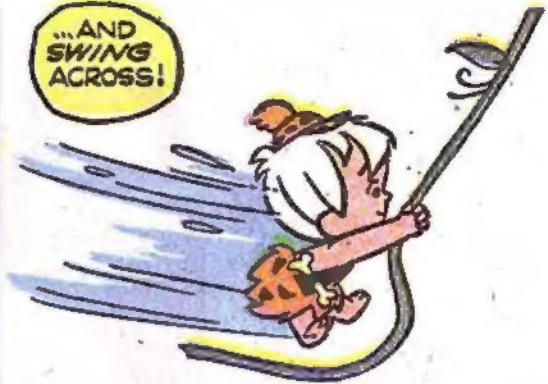
SNARKLE!



BETTER TO PLAY IT SAFE...



...AND
SWING
ACROSS!



NOT THAT HE COULDN'T MAKE
IT *WITHOUT* THE VINE...



ULP!



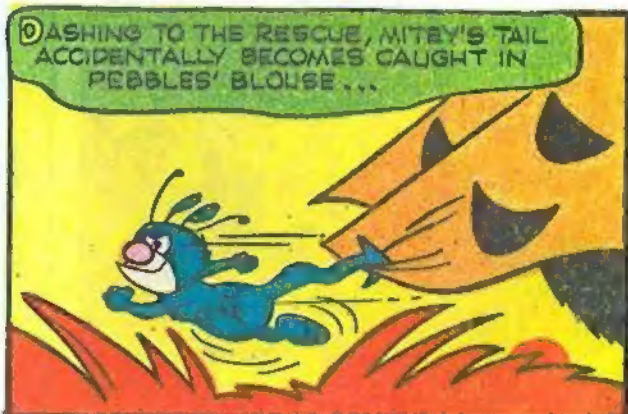
...AND NOT
ENOUGH
ZING TO
MAKE THE
RETURN
TRIP,
EITHER...

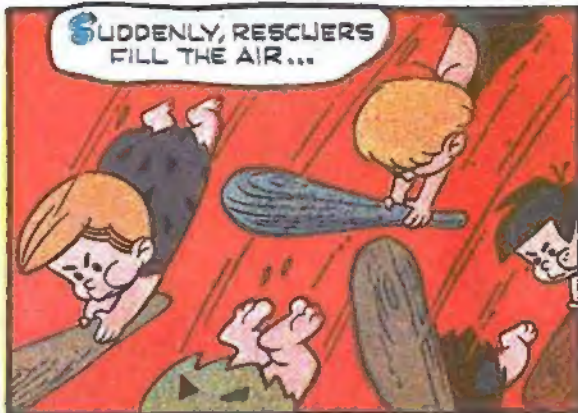


SQUEEUNK!

WHAT'S GOING TO BECOME
OF POOR PEBBLES?...



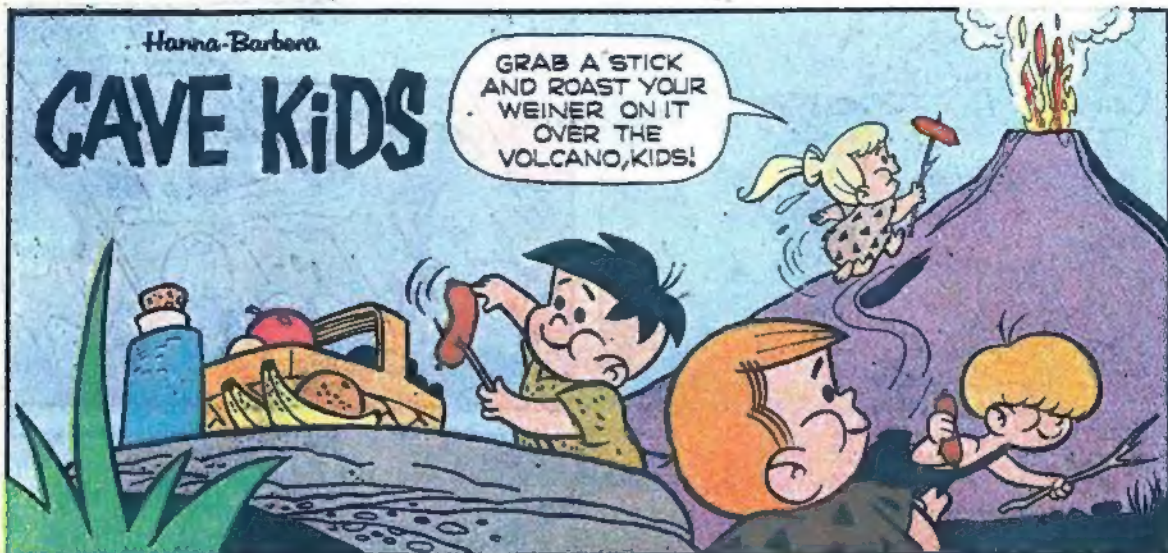




Hanna-Barbera

CAVE KIDS

GRAB A STICK
AND ROAST YOUR
WEINER ON IT
OVER THE
VOLCANO, KIDS!



YEAH... THERE'S
A NICE ONE...



BEEP!
MAKE ROOM
FOR ME,
KIDS!

